

A SONNET.

The summer mellow as it nears its end,
It smiles no more with daisy noddle bent;
No more its storms in dreadful battle meet;
But softer smiles o'er vale and mountain bend.
Through all its realm a sober quiet reigns,
As though the earth were conscious of a change,
And felt some mortal wound, profound and strange,
Sending a sluggish chill through all its veins.
Yet, bounteous summer! all thy toil is sure,
With ripening age come satisfaction pure;
In autumn's garner shall repose thy store,
And when thy fervent labors all are o'er
Thy merits and thy worth shall still be green
Where'er the products of thy power are seen.
—Christian Intelligencer.

THREE SEA-SIDE BENEVOLENCES.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

MR. EDITOR:—This world is so full of sin and sorrow, it is a pleasure to find anything that we can heartily commend. And I am happy to say that I find many things of this sort, and believe our race is growing better rather than worse. But to the point.

Ocean Grove, of which you have often heard, is situated some fifty miles south of New York City, on the sandy shore of the Atlantic Ocean, six miles south of that celebrated watering-place, known as Long Branch. The ground is slightly elevated above high-water mark, and the trees are chiefly oak and of small size. It is bounded on the north by a narrow, shallow, fresh water lake, extending from near the ocean three-quarters of a mile in a north-westerly direction. It is called Wesley Lake, and with its one little promontory, three or four sail-boats, and four or five hundred row-boats, furnishes innocent amusement to thousands of children, to say nothing of their interested parents and friends. It is one of the principal attractions of the place.

Six years ago, all north of this lake, extending along the beach one mile to Deal Lake, was a tangled forest of small trees, bushes and briars. In that condition it was purchased (five hundred acres) by James A. Bradley, esq., of New York, cleared of its underbrush, and laid out in streets, avenues, parks, etc., on a magnificent scale, and named "Asbury Park." It is now a city of itself, embracing several churches, halls, hotels, stores, and other ordinary appliances, except grog-shops, which are legally excluded.

Taking the grove and the park together, they probably furnish one of the most desirable summer resorts to be found on this continent, unless we must except Martha's Vineyard, which was evidently the pattern originally followed in their establishment. We say this impartially, having no financial or other interest in either place, or in any similar resort, beyond that of any transient visitor.

But this is not important. Our object in this writing is to commend to public favor three benevolent institutions now in successful operation on the grounds referred to.

The first originated three years ago with a company of benevolent ladies of Philadelphia, with the view of furnishing such of their sex as have to support themselves, with the benefits of surf bathing, etc., at small expense. Laying their plans before Mr. Bradley, the owner of the park, he at once gave them a desirable lot about equidistant from Wesley lake and the ocean. They immediately erected and furnished what they intended to be the rear of their building, and filled it with twenty-five boarders. The next season they erected the front building, providing accommodations for seventy-five or eighty boarders. It is now a fine structure with spacious parlors, dining-room, etc., all nicely furnished, and occupied by teachers and others, who cannot afford to pay the usual price of board in such places, at three dollars per week. And to extend the benefits of their liberality to as many as possible, they limit the continuance of their beneficiaries to two weeks each. It is called the Seaside Home.

The second is Elm Cottage, and is located in Ocean Grove, near its entrance and close by the head of Wesley lake. This, too, was projected by ladies who spend the summer in the grove, under the presidency of Mrs. Alfred Cookman, of Philadelphia. Its object is to furnish preachers of limited means with comfortable accommodations, at a cost ranging from four to seven dollars per week, according to circumstances. Its first customer was a Congregational minister from Wisconsin. Entering the grove from the gate, weary and alone, and seeing the sign over the door, he said to himself, "This must mean rest," and called, to find himself at home. Others soon arrived and filled the house. Some kind friends furnished them with an organ for use in family worship, a boat on the lake, and bathing-houses on the shore, so that they receive every comfort the place affords. But it is insufficient to meet the demand, and the ladies are hoping that the friends of their new enterprise will furnish them the means of enlarging their house to double its present capacity. God grant that they may not be disappointed! The presence of many of our oldest and noblest superannuates, furnishes a strong argument in favor of the institution. In the days of their effectiveness their expenses to camp-meeting were met by their people; but now that they have no people, and little or no salary, they remain at home, unless assisted in some way. Their past services and present interest in the Church, entitle them to tender consideration. Besides, some of the best sermons we heard at Ocean Grove last summer came from Elm Cottage. This filial example of these Christian ladies is worthy of all praise.

The other institution referred to is also in Ocean Grove, a little further south, near the beach, and is designed for the entertainment of infant children during the hot weather. It is a branch of a similar institution located in Philadelphia, and belongs to that style of Christianity which provides for free excursions to children in New York and elsewhere. I know less of it than of the others mentioned, but deem it worthy of imitation. The humanitarian aspects of our holy religion are attracting special attention, and should be cultivated. Sympathy for the unfortunate is the best logic for sepiets. A loaf of bread often opens the door to theology, and wins a soul.

CHAUTAQUA FRAGMENTS.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

The Chautauqua season for 1877 has come and gone. The great auditorium is vacant and silent, or is visited only by the warbling and the song of the wild bird and grasshopper. The pavilion, chapel and "section tents" are as void and solitary as the ruins of Palmyra. The voice of early-dawn prayer groups mingles no longer with the rustling of dewy leaf and of swaying bough. All is empty, deserted and silent, and gone is the whole round of spiritual presence which so recently filled the rightly-named Fair Point with all the stir of the "city full."

Chautauqua is the annual blossoming of our collection of Christian endeavor to save the youth of America for Christ. Once a year the richest elements in the life-blood of the Church rush with their warmest throbs to the central heart of the whole circulatory system. This heart is Chautauqua. At Chautauqua congregates, as by mutual attraction, the best of the best—the best methods, the warmest-hearted teachers, the wisest light-givers, and the sincerest light-seekers. There is here such a circulation of Christian inspiration, of imparting and of receiving, and of mutual help of every kind, as was never before witnessed under the sun.

The Church could not do without Chautauqua. Its success is the re-inspiration and regeneration of the Church. The Chautauqua idea has really been a new life to the whole Church catholic. It has called us away from without Scripture basis, and from an artificial realism without subsequent deep moral life.

It was a reform imperatively needed. The Bible had become too much like a magic arsenal of the Middle Ages, with disconnected fragments of which people could perform all sorts of doctrinal house-pieces. There was need that the Chautauqua should be brought back, fairly and squarely, to the intelligent common-sense study of the Bible as a treasure-house of sensible truth written by a reasonable Being and to be understood by His reasonable creatures. There was high need that the Holy Records should cease to be a sort of black-letter book full of all sorts of incomprehensible conundrums. Somebody had to undertake the reform. The pulpit either would not, or could not, do it. At all events it did not. It had largely ceased to be an interpreter of the Scriptures. It either preached delightful essays with simply a detached Bible phrase as a sort of remotely-related motto; or it read an actual text and then struck out into a sea of irrelevant, sentimental exhortation. A preacher who would or could interest his congregation in a sound exposition of a connected passage of Scripture, had become a *rara avis*. Vapid declamation, pompous, ornate phraseology, quaint conceits, apocryphal, or at least very dubious, anecdotes, excessive elegance, or excessive eccentricity, of manner—these were the qualities that made the popular preacher. Very much depended upon the personal look of the preacher. This bad taste even sunk so low that it was adverse to gray hairs in the pulpit, or even to an elderly man. It wanted young preachers—young preachers with delicate, long, white fingers, dainty cravats, etc. The thing obviously needed to be rebated. The Church, and especially the pulpit, needed to be brought back to a fresh and deeper and more intelligent love for the Scriptures. Nothing but a broad and general revival of Bible study would answer the demand.

This demand the Chautauqua idea endeavored to meet. And it has met it! Only the blindest of the blind will deny this. Only they who have no eyes can fail to see the immense, the wonderful, revival of Bible study and Bible love which has sprung from the International Lesson system, or of the Chautauqua idea (for they are identical). The thing is marvelous to contemplate. What a stream, what an enthusiasm, what a flood, of interest in the Holy Scriptures has spread all over evangelical catholicism! From the bottom of our soul we are ready to say, Honor to whom honor is due! Honor to Chautauqua! Honor to the men who have made the fountain of Bible truth to flow freshly through the heart of the languishing Church!

We are, personally, no worshipers of idols. Chautauqua is not without its faults. But it has so much of the pure gold, and so little of the merely showy tinsel, that it would be but small business for any one to take up the pen of hostile criticism. One thing is certain and encouraging: The Chautauqua movement has a man at its head—a man of deep convictions and of heroic courage; a man who has found his providential place, and who knows that he stands upon solid ground. Dr. Vincent has the ear and the heart of the Church. He has the heart of American Protestantism. As Joseph Cook

is called to break the gossamer web of modern materialism, so the man of Chautauqua is called to call the Church of God back to an intelligent love of the Oracles of God.

Around this one point the whole of the just-closed session of Chautauqua was made to revolve. The calls of the age were endeavoring to be met. The age will have nothing to do with hierarchical assumptions, maudlin sentimentality, obscurantist logomachy; it calls for many men, and clear, common-sense methods. It says: "Don't talk to me your popish gibberish. Don't ask me to blow out the eyes of my reason. Away with your nonsensical 'believe only!' First show me what to believe, and then I'll listen to you!"

This reasonable demand the Chautauqua movement is endeavoring manfully to meet. And it is succeeding. Call for the little boys and girls who know more of God's Word than their grandparents did ten years ago, and how the little hands will rise up like the leaves of the forest all over our broad land! And who will say that they do not practice it also? For if Chautauqua teaches anything, it teaches that the Christian fire that does not burst forth and enkindle fire in others, is no fire at all.

Honor, therefore, we say, to the Chautauqua idea! Welcome the revival of a love for the Bible! And blessings on the man whom God has charged with the movement! But, above all, hail to the new generation of Sunday-school trained preachers—no mere declaimers of elegant rhetoric, no noisy kindlers of empty sentiment, but real exponents of the Holy Scriptures.

S. S. PARLIAMENT AT THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The second Sunday-school Parliament, while not yet quite equaling the Chautauqua Assembly in point of numbers and some other particulars, shows, nevertheless, a vast improvement over the very useful and enjoyable meeting of last year. There have been more regular students in the normal class, and the numbers who have successfully passed the competitive examination and received the certificate as graduates of the Parliament, show that the subject of thorough Bible study is taking a deeper hold of our Christian people, especially our Sunday-school workers, on both sides of the line.

The first week, commencing August 21 and entitled on the programme, "Six days with the Word," of course possessed the greatest attractions for these students, and the residents on the island were much more numerous on those days. During the second week—"Six days with the workers"—the exercises were of a more popular and entertaining character, the audiences consisting largely of excursionists from the neighboring towns.

The exercises opened Tuesday afternoon with addresses by Chancellor E. O. Haven, Rev. W. F. Crafts, and several other speakers. Some disappointment was experienced during the first day or two by the non-appearance of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Geo. H. Pextest; but on Wednesday the two services of Joseph Cook more than made up (in the estimation of many) for the deficiency. The great Boston preacher delivered his well-known lecture on "God and Natural Law" in the morning, and in the evening answered questions on various scientific and biblical subjects for two hours with rapidity and precision which excited the astonishment and admiration of his audience.

On Thursday Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke upon "Modern Skepticism," on Friday upon "The Principles of Bible Interpretation," and on Saturday on "Political Institutions of the Bible. On Friday Mr. Crafts delivered his well-known lecture on "The Coming Man." Saturday morning, Aug. 25th, Rev. J. S. Ostrander exhibited and explained his model of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, which is about one-fifth the size and proportions of the original, and is exceedingly beautiful, as are also the dresses of the high priest, inferior priests, and Levites who accompanied it, and assisted in the putting up and taking down.

Saturday was looked upon as rather a "play spell," the afternoon being devoted to a grand game of *La Crosse*, played between a party of veritable Indians and the Toronto club. An immense multitude were present, and the gay dresses, bright flags, two bands of music, etc., formed a spectacle long to be remembered. So also did the evening concert on the moonlit water.

Mrs. Crafts spoke concerning the "Ideal Primary Class" on Saturday night, and about "Illustration" on Monday, besides giving a very interesting temperance Sunday-school lesson on Thursday, the 30th ult.

Sunday, Aug. 26th, was the day of deepest spiritual interest. The exercises commenced with a Bible-reading delivered by Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Boston, on the person and work of the Holy Spirit. Then followed the tender and beautiful singing of several hymns, and a sermon concerning childhood by the editor of ZION'S HERALD. The general tone of spirituality was maintained by the Sunday-school or "Bible service," conducted by Mr. Parsons, as also by Professor Sherwin's evening Bible-reading, and the eloquent and impressive evangelistic sermon of Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, which was followed by an inquiry meeting at which Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, of London, England, presided, and at which there were several conversions.

Monday afternoon Mr. Stephenson told of the "Word and the Work in England," describing his special work among the neglected children of the criminal classes in London. In the evening Dr. Polce delivered a grand lecture on "Christian character the best illustration."

Tuesday, denominated "Music day," the Bible memorial service—the most beautiful of the Parliament—was held. There was a special responsive service prepared by Rev. O. F. Frear, interspersed with hymns, and the following original poem was read by the writer:—

IN MEMORIAM.
Last year he stood among us all,
Acknowledged king of song;
Last year we heard his deep tones fall
The river side along;
We saw his reverend mind, and knew
His spirit true and bold,
But of our singer's inner life
"The half was never told."

We heard the story as it flew
On western wings along,
With bated breath we learned it true—
God took our king of song.
We read of fiery chariot wheels,
Of wintry waters cold,
But angels saw the agony—
"The half was never told."

Last year he stood among our band;
Self-yielded unto God;
These summer months the glory land
His shining feet have trod;
We catch its radiance in the sound
Of hymns he sang of old,
But what the singer now has found,
"The half was never told."

He lives in thousand hearts and homes,
Made temple fane by grace;
On twice ten thousand ransomed tongues
His anthems find a place;
But what his thrilling songs have done
For spirits young and old,
The triumphs he for Christ has won,
"The half was never told."

Live on, blest singer; souls unborn
Shall worship God through thee,
We'll follow where thy steps have gone,
Till we thy garden see;
And when through ages bright and long
Heaven's nightless days have rolled,
Once more thou'lt lead our wonder song,
"The half was never told."

This was followed by brief addresses and personal reminiscences of the great singer. There was a great concert in the afternoon and a lecture on sacred music by Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston. Rev. Dr. Payne, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, preached on Daniel in the evening.

Wednesday there was rather a falling off in the attendance, and "Layman's day" promised in the morning to be a failure, from which it was saved, however, by the unexpected appearance of Ralph Wells, the great Sunday-school worker, of New York, who spoke in a fervid manner about the Layman's Bible. In the evening Mr. Ostrander gave his great spectacular exhibition of Oriental life, assisted by thirty-six ladies and gentlemen in full Oriental costume. The audience was immense, and the whole seemed to give great satisfaction.

Thursday, Philip Phillips made his appearance and took charge of the music. Mr. Ostrander gave a lesson on blackboard teaching in the morning. Mrs. Crafts a temperance lesson to the children in the afternoon, and in the evening Hon. Neal Dow one of his interesting talks on Prohibition and the workings of the Maine Law. Among the side meetings always in progress may be mentioned a most poetical talk on Bible pictures, given by Byron Brooks, author of the *Tragedy of Saul*, and Mr. Crafts' talk on "The Bible Divine."

Friday was devoted to a question exercise by Hon. Neal Dow, addresses by Rev. Hugh Johnson, of Kingston, Rev. Dr. Castle, of Toronto, and Mrs. Crafts, in addition to the competitive examination of the normal class.

Saturday there was a "Parents' Institute," and other exercises. Sunday, Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, preached in the morning. There was a well-attended Sunday-school in the afternoon, and the Parliament was closed by a grand sermon from Mr. Crafts in the evening.

LAKEVIEW CAMP-MEETING.

The annual meeting for Boston district was held on the above grounds at South Framingham, commencing Aug. 15th, and closing on the 24th. This year, by invitation of the directors, it was conducted by the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, Rev. J. S. Inskip, president, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder of Boston district. Five members of the association were present, viz.: Rev. J. S. Inskip, W. McDonald, E. M. Levy, of Philadelphia, Pa., Wm. L. Gray, of Easton, Pa., and C. A. Van Anda, of Buffalo, N. Y.

On the morning of Aug. 15th a violent shower of rain commenced and continued until the afternoon, but promptly at 2.30 p. m. Rev. John S. Inskip opened the services (Rev. Dr. Sherman being detained by sickness). Those who have attended a meeting at Lakeview, know that however long continued or severe the rain, it never interferes with the public services, the canopy furnishing perfect protection to the worshippers.

The congregations were good from the beginning of the meeting, increasing from day to day. On Sunday, an unusually large congregation was present, estimated at from seven to eight thousand. A deep spiritual interest characterized the meeting, and oneness of spirit of the Pentecostal sort seemed to pervade all the services; from day to day the interest deepened and intensified, taking, near the close of the meeting, a very tender and heart-searching tone.

The following brethren preached: J. S. Inskip, W. McDonald, E. M. Levy (Baptist), Wm. L. Gray, C. A. Van Anda, W. D. Malcom, C. B. Pitblado, John N. Short, Joshua Gill, M. Hubbard, D. Steele, Dr. Sherman, F. A. Stratton, and W. J. Pomfret. The preaching was able, clear, definite, spiritual and practical, no attempt being made at "starring," or mere display, but Christ and the fullness of the Christian's privilege being first, last, and always presented.

The Bible-readings of Dr. Steele on "St. Paul's testimony to the doctrine of entire sanctification," "Carrying a lighted candle through Philipians 3d chapter," and the "Full assurance of faith and hope," were interesting and profitable. These expository studies ought to be published for the benefit of the many readers of the HERALD, and thus enlighten many who are now groping as blind men, clearing their vision, and leading them into the "way of the Lord more perfectly."

We think no attempt was made to ascertain the number of persons converted, or entirely sanctified. Israel was not numbered, but many witnessed a good confession of "pardon or purity through the blood of the Lamb."

We have the conviction, that if the brethren who enjoyed the privileges of these ten days, shall in all their places at home follow the excellent counsel of our Presiding Elder, and "show how great things God has done for them," Boston district will be all aflame with revival influences.

There is a bright outlook for the future at Lakeview. More Churches were represented this year than ever before—thirty in all. New society tents have been erected this year by St. Paul's and Worthen St., Lowell, and Ashland and Rockbottom. This seems destined at no distant day to be one of the largest camp-meetings in New England. This is assured by several things: It is a great railroad center; the grove is a fine growth of hard wood, and improves rapidly; the surrounding country is very fine; the air and water are unsurpassed; and the soil is of such a nature that it is never water-soaked nor muddy. The people are beginning to see and appreciate these advantages. Forty cottages have been built—fourteen the last year—and we are informed that contracts are already made for twenty-two to be built before the next meeting. The board of directors are an able, self-sacrificing band of brethren, seeking only the good of the district, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. May the great Head of the Church give them wisdom, grace and strength for their labors and sacrifices!

At the annual meeting of the association, the directors protested that they had no responsibility for the extra trains that were run on the Sabbath. This was done by the railroad without their knowledge or consent, and they deeply regretted that any such thing should have occurred. The National committee also protested against it.

We heard very good things said about the excellent table spread by Brother Edwin Sawtelle. It is almost astonishing how much better "good cheer" helps good men and women to be, or at least to feel, even at camp-meeting.

The meeting was a success, and the Methodistists of Boston district are greatly indebted to the National committee for their unwearied labors in sermons, exhortations, prayers and songs, which lifted us up into a better and clearer spiritual atmosphere.

SING SING CAMP-MEETING.
Sing Sing has just closed one of the most precious and successful sessions in its history. From the first meeting all through to the last, the "mind to work" for the salvation of souls, took possession of preachers and people, and even after the close sinners were labored with and brought to Jesus. This was the forty-sixth annual meeting.

Sing Sing is one of the most beautiful groves. It is noted for its noble and stately trees, ample shade, and gravel-graded slopes.

The following ministers preached during the meeting in their order: Dr. C. K. True, C. Palmer, Aaron Hunt, J. Burger, A. C. Morehouse, J. H. Hawkhurst, R. R. Vandewater, Teed, A. McClean, Henry Aston, T. Elliott, Sager, Davies, Dr. J. Porter, Dr. Nelson, of the Book Room, W. C. Smith, D. Heroy, J. H. Lent, P. L. Hoyt, Dr. C. H. Fowler, Wm. Taylor, T. W. Chadwick, Dr. Sims, and Dr. Geo. Lansing Taylor.

The children's meeting was an interesting feature of the meeting. Miss Sarah A. Aston conducted the services, and Miss Sara Duncan presided at the organ. The interest was not only kept up, but it steadily increased to the close.

The ladies' union temperance meeting was a decided success. It was held at the stand Monday afternoon. Addresses were made by Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Acker, Mrs. More, Mrs. Seeley and Miss Coleman. At the close of the exercises quite a number signed the pledge.

The service of the last evening was devoted to five-minute speeches, which were marked by freshness, terseness and power; yet with but two or three exceptions, even this limit was rarely passed. This novel service gave an opportunity to say and do almost anything bearing on the interests of the camp, past, present and future. There were some who testified that they had been in attendance forty years ago, and at nearly every meeting since that time. One minister declared, that after most serious and careful reflection, he could testify that this meeting had been the best held there for the past nine

years, and many in the ministry and laity spoke with much versatility of thought and illustration. George L. Taylor said, what was most fully endorsed by many others—"I love boating, fishing and bathing, and like to go to those camp-meetings which furnish such; but when I want to fish for men, and when I want to bathe my soul, I have to come to Sing Sing camp-meeting; and since I have been here my soul has been greatly blessed."

The trustees were represented, and S. E. Tompkins said they had been greatly annoyed by a floating debt of some \$4,000. He had built on the ground a tabernacle especially for the aged and infirm. He held a \$1,000 mortgage against the association for this and other matters, but if the people would come next year and raise this money, he would give up the \$1,000. And he asked, "All who will come and give \$1 for this purpose, raise the hand." Nearly 2,000 hands went up.

Rev. Henry Aston presented a paper embodying the sentiments so earnestly uttered, touching the difficulties of holding a camp-meeting with the old landmarks, in these days so full of modern ideas—union camp-meetings, real estate speculations, and worldly recreation. The paper complimented Dr. James Porter for his successful management of the meeting, and contained a resolve to labor and pray for the perpetuity of old Sing Sing ground as a representative idea of a Methodist camp-meeting, namely, a sanctuary in which to worship God and save souls.

This paper was fully endorsed by the trustees and congregation by a rising vote, and as in the times of our fathers and those of Moses and Joshua, the people "shouted amen," which made the forest ring with melody and the trees clap their hands for joy.

At half past ten o'clock the time-honored custom of marching, singing, and hand-shaking closed the public services. After this prayer-meetings were held in the tents, at which a number of souls were converted. It was exceedingly marked and pleasing that the conversion of sinners and the entire sanctification of believers were sought and obtained at the same time and place.

H. A.

Our Book Table.

Incomparably the finest American Library edition of Wordsworth is the one just issued from the Riverside Press. It is entitled, THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WITH MEMOIR. Seven volumes in three, 12mo. Price for set, \$1.25. Published in New York by Hurd & Houghton. For sale by J. P. Magee, Boston.

This edition of Wordsworth, in connection with a full series of the British poets, which are to be issued in successive volumes from the same house, has been carefully edited by Prof. Childs, of Harvard. It was first published in a 16mo form. The present is much more attractive with its wide margins, its handsome paper, and its tasteful binding. It will be the popular library edition. The warm words of De Quincey in relation to his friend who was older than himself, and whose poetic supremacy among his worshippers had just come to be admitted as the former commenced his literary career, will draw renewed attention to the great seer among the Lake poets. It is remarkable how much of Wordsworth's writings preserve their hold upon the succeeding generations. This beautiful edition will perpetuate their sweet and simple interpretations of thoughtful, philosophical and religious life, with their ever-charming pictures of scenery that the tourist never wearies of seeing, and never requires another hand-book after reading the lines of their life-long lover and prophet.

James R. Osgood & Co. have made arrangements to issue a special American edition of the English and Foreign Philosophical Library. Two volumes have already been offered to the public. They form handsomely published octavos of about 350 pages each, and are sold for \$3.50. The first is the HISTORY OF MATERIALISM, AND CRITICISM OF ITS PRESENT IMPORTANCE, by Frederick Albert Lange, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Zurich, translated by E. C. Thomas, of Trinity College, Oxford. In three volumes. Vol. I. The author, who died in 1875, was a disciple and teacher of the materialistic school as opposed to the transcendental school of philosophy. He was an ardent and catholic scholar, and writer, continuing his labors upon his books until a few weeks before his death. The English language, Huxley and Tyndall, of the modern scientific era, have expressed great interest in his History of Materialism, quoting from it, and calling the attention of the British Association to it. The present volume opens with a survey of the earliest attempts at a philosophical theory of the world, and closes with Thomas Hobbes and the Materialism of England, in the seventeenth century. The author is the son of Rev. Dr. Lange, the learned and voluminous Biblical interpreter, whose work has been republished in this country, under the supervision of Dr. Schaaf. The book is written in a clear, calm, and reverent style, bearing marks of painstaking investigation and honesty of purpose, but giving manifest evidence of the philosophical if not the theological standpoint from which its author has taken this broad survey of the materialistic history of the ages. The work is highly appreciated among students in philosophy.

The second issue of the Library, which is the fourth in the order of publication, is NATURAL LAW; an Essay in Ethics, by Edith Simcox. In a series of ably-written essays the author seeks to find the necessary foundation for natural, social and moral law without the admission of the being of a personal God, or the necessity of a revealed religion. She distinctly affirms that the government without us is not that of a "bad god." The force, "not ourselves," tends to righteousness. Like the essays of Matthew Arnold, these are not coarse denunciations of either the book or the creed of disciples of faith; they are beautiful and attractive pictures of the possible standards of morality and virtue, as apprehended under the light and teachings of the Christian faith, in the nineteenth century, by one not acknowledging its divine claims. No higher morality or more manly or divine virtue is presented here than that set forth in the pages of Revelation. And while nature presents few models who approach such ideals, we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

James R. Osgood & Co. publish MANN; A Book of Daily Worship. Sq. 16mo, 288 pp. A short Scripture lesson, and a spiritual and uplifting prayer are given under each day in the year. Prayers and collects, old and new, from a great variety of sources, have been gleaned. To many the book will be helpful and comforting. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

Henry Hoyt opens the season of juvenile books with two excellent additions to the Sunday-school library—PLUS AND MINUS; or, The Bi-Partide Problem, by Archie Fell, in which some of the fundamental rules of arithmetic are applied to good and evil—certainly the addition of patience, brotherly kindness and charity; and THE MIDDLETONS; or, The Events of a Year, by the author of My Brother Paul—an English story of attractive incidents, and very wholesome moral.

Harper & Brothers furnish us another installment of their admirable Classical Library in the translation of Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, and the treatises on The Nature of the Gods and the Commonwealth. The Republic is given in the translation of Francis Barnham, esq., the *De Re Publica* translated by Benjamin Franklin—the whole being revised and edited by Prof. C. D. Yonge. The translation is close, yet flowing and readable; and will prove a valuable accession to the library of the English reader of the Latin classics.

The same house, in a small and convenient volume, issue Prof. Author's English Commentary on the *Rhetoric*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, *Alcestis*, *Heracleida*, *Supplices* and *Troades* of Euripides, with the scanning of each play from the latest and best authorities. The notes are critical and compact, and will prove, by their completeness and accuracy, a valuable aid to students in this higher range of the classics.

Shakespeare's comedy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is another of Wm. J. Rolfe's admirable volumes of the great dramatist, with illustrations, critical notes, the history and the sources of the play—a handy volume, with every help for the profitable study of this master of expression and of the art.

Another of Harper's Half Hour Series contains a choice selection of the Cooking Receipts from *Harper's Bazar*. Though not a complete cooking-book, this miniature volume will be found a sufficient and a most suggestive guide to many housekeepers. *Kilmeny*, a novel, is another volume, in cloth, of Harper's uniform edition of the stories of William Black. Like all the books on topics of current life in the old world. He draws distinct outlines of character, and tells a story with admirable effect.

Winstone is another story by Mrs. L. Adams, forming the 48th number of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

The above works are on sale by A. Williams & Co.

for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It not only saves the philosopher, and saves him, not as our author says Goethe was, through a life-long process of struggle and self-conquest, but gives him an early victory over the flesh and the devil; but it also, seeks out and saves that which is lost. To thoughtful and well-trained minds this volume will afford most interesting and many profitable suggestions.

We have examined with pleasure a volume of short sermons, written and published by Rev. Ira G. Sprague, of Andover, Mass. It forms a 12mo of 319 pp., with a wood-cut of the author, and is sold by J. P. Magee, Boston. Price \$1.00. It consists of twenty-four brief, and remarkably clear and pointed discourses upon the chief subjects of inspiration, relating to the convincing, converting, and Christian nurture of a sinner, and to the solemn "last things" that await us after death. It is a good book to put into a thoughtful inquirer's hand.

Rev. E. Davies publishes a new edition, in one volume, 12mo, of two treatises from his pen, which he has circulated widely in his ministry—THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST, AND SELECT SERMONS ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. It forms a collection of earnest and instructive Christian reading, embodying many rich personal experiences. The book can be obtained of him, at Reading, Mass.

Hitchcock & Walden publish a series of very thoughtful and well-written essays, which might have been leaders in a religious periodical, but are worthy of preservation in a permanent form. The volume is by William Riley Halstead, and is entitled, FUTURE RELIGIOUS POLICY OF AMERICA; A Discussion of the Elements of Living Questions. The title is rather more sensational than the discussion of the themes justifies. This is calm, but by no means exhaustive. The book gives freshly presented thoughts upon Law and Providence, the Religious Condition of the World, Protestantism, Romanism, Temperance, American Ministry, etc. It is a good book, full of valuable suggestions and stimulating thoughts. For sale by J. P. Magee.

Hurd & Houghton publish a valuable and well-authenticated manual upon a rapidly opening portion of our great Western wilderness. It is entitled, ARIZONA AS IT IS; or, The Coming Country. Compiled from Notes of Travel, During the Years 1874-6, by Hiram C. Hodge. 16mo, 270 pp., with maps. Price \$1.50. For sale by J. P. Magee. This little volume gives a complete, condensed, and interesting description of the history, appearance, condition and promise of this "coming country." It contains the endorsement of the leading officials of the country, and will afford the traveler or prospective settler all the information he needs.

We have looked over with much satisfaction the new AMERICAN HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS, by G. F. Quackenbush, LL. D. It is in its way a masterpiece of compilation. It is attractively published, with abundant and excellent illustrations. It is written in a plain, clear style. We were pleased with the ability with which the more difficult, because later, chapters of the war and the succeeding administrations are written. We commend it to book and school libraries. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Glen & Heath have issued a new and revised edition of their *Allen & Greenough's LATIN GRAMMAR*. Some changes in arrangement have been made, and some criticisms upon it heretofore offered have been considered. The work is finding a ready access, as it deserves, into our seminaries and colleges.

James R. Osgood & Co. issue, in addition to their *Poems of Placids*, edited by Longview, SWITZERLAND—a country full of sublime poetic scenery, and the constant theme of the poets, English, German, American and Italian, classic and modern, have contributed in this beautiful volume.

The same house adds to its vast-pocket series, THE PLAYS, by Goethe; *Mess. Bacchus*, by Edmund Clarence Stead; *THE PLEASURES OF HOPE*, by Thomas Campbell; and *FAVORITE POEMS*, by Robert Southey.

Jansen, McClurg & Co. publish MANN; A Book of Daily Worship. Sq. 16mo, 288 pp. A short Scripture lesson, and a spiritual and uplifting prayer are given under each day in the year. Prayers and collects, old and new, from a great variety of sources, have been gleaned. To many the book will be helpful and comforting. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

The Christian World.

OUR "FATHERLAND" MISSIONS.

(From our Mission Rooms.)

"I do not believe that the Church does any better work anywhere than she does in those European nations," was a remark of Bishop Andrews in a recent conversation on our Scandinavian and German missions.

The genuineness of the work, and the steadiness of its progress, is manifested in the self-reliance it assumes. It may seem a little thing to us in the United States, that among an intelligent, self-helpful, hardy and thrifty community like that found in Germany and Switzerland, Churches should pay their pastors, but we must bear in mind two things: First, that these people are not relieved from the support of the national Church of the land. What they give to our Churches must be superadded to the amount which others are contributing for religious worship. The State taxes them heavily for the support of the Church, and the payment of this is, of course, not optional. The voluntary nature of their beneficence begins after they have paid proportionately with others. It is in the light of this that we especially esteem the effort to wholly meet their entire church expenses, and thus become independent of foreign contributions.

"Our people are struggling manfully to become self-supporting," said the German and Swiss Conference just closed, "having laid on the altar last year 187,336 marks, toward self-supporting, which is more than two-thirds of all the wants of our work." Nor are they content with their attainments, for they have estimated and apportioned among their Churches, to be raised during the coming year, two thousand dollars more than during the last year, and three congregations—Zurich, Leibniz, and Calo—are this year made entirely self-supporting, notwithstanding a heavy debt is yet resting on their churches. In the face of the increased financial burdens when persons unite with these societies, and of the fact that in many places they are not allowed to hold religious services, so that the sermon has to be classed as a lecture, and to be delivered without the accompaniment of Christian song and prayer, and of the non-recognition of the M. E. Church as such, so that no property titles can inhere in her, and much else that is deleterious to the standing and efficiency of our work—in the face of these, we say, the Church makes steady advance, as indicated by the increase of six hundred and eighty-three members.

Nor is it content with being aggressive merely within its own congregations. It expands, and its liberality becomes broadly intelligent and world-wide in its sympathies, and its pietistic pulsates in rhythm with Methodism in all parts of the world, which it makes manifest by a missionary collection of marks 6,502 (about \$1,500 gold), which is a double advance first over last year of \$150, and next over the amount apportioned to be raised of about \$60.

We are not sure whether this does not make the banner Conference in this respect. Our people at home seem to mistake the apportionment of the amount to be collected from our Churches as the maximum to be raised, whereas it is the minimum, and we are glad that our foreign Churches do not fail to understand the true state of the case.

Debt in the erection of their chapels (it is among their disabilities that they are not allowed to be called Churches) was an unavoidable necessity at the beginning. They are gradually reducing these, however, and the Conference resolved on the greatest plainness and caution in new church enterprises, and to build chapels only where there is ground to believe that the society will be able to pay off the debt incurred, without aid from abroad.

Their Book Concern is not only meeting its own expenses, but yielding a revenue to the Churches, having supplied \$2,225 (gold) from its profits during this last year. This speaks of thrift and energy in its management.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Queen City" is very quiet just now. The hot weather has made quite a scattering among all who have been able to take a vacation, with only isolated exceptions. A wide breach has been made in the ranks of Methodism. Many of the clergy and laity have been recreating at the various summer resorts. As the cool weather approaches, the reverse of this state of affairs will be observable. Already the reaction has set in. We have just passed through our political primary meetings, held a county convention, and nominated a strong Republican ticket. The most noticeable feature of the convention was the nomination of Rev. William Williams, a colored Baptist minister of this city, for legislative honors. He received a decided compliment by polling a larger vote than any other candidate; in fact, his nomination was about unanimous. He responded to an invitation to speak, very fittingly, and won the commendation of even the enemies of his race by his candor and loyal utterances. The convention applauded him to the echo, and he will, if elected, reflect credit upon his constituency, and do valiant service for the cause of truth and justice.

Considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed in regard to both the nominations for lieutenant-governor of the two leading parties. Temperance men cannot sacrifice principle by supporting either. Meetings have been held to devise measures for securing the candidacy of a thorough-going temperance

man. The Methodists of our city are foremost in this movement. The preachers' meeting is a unit in advocating it. Their sessions are highly interesting. The attendance in this heated term, even, has been large.

For a number of weeks past the "Itinerary" has been under exhaustive discussion. Conservatism somewhat predominates. At times the contest is close and protracted. Last Monday, Rev. Dr. Young read a very able paper in favor of unlimited extension of the pastoral term. Brother Conroy took issue with him, and presented in a masterly manner the opposing arguments. Others followed in the bent of their peculiar minds, and the question was pretty thoroughly canvassed. However, Brother Zimmerman was appointed to open the same discussion next week.

Dr. Ridgway has not returned from his vacation. He has endeavored himself to the people at St. Paul's and the city at large by his earnest, thorough, pastoral work, and advocacy of the cause of Christ in denouncing sin in its various phases. He has planted himself squarely upon the Sunday question, and makes no compromise nor concession to the beer interest or infidel element. He is justly considered the champion of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the conservator of good order and harmony in this city. His Church is growing in grace under his faithful ministrations.

We are looking forward to the approaching Cincinnati Conference at Xenia with great pleasure. A grand time is expected. Xenia hospitality is far-famed. Their Christian fellowship and resources guarantee "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Bishop Haven will be in charge, and shed his geniality over all and win golden opinions.

Father Wright—an Israelite in whom there is no guile—is now very feeble, and nearing the heavenly shore. He was present at a recent ministerial meeting, and spoke of his hope to be present at the Cincinnati Conference. His allusions to the "good old days gone by," and the glorious hopes of the "sweet by and by," elicited many hearty responses and a stanza of

"I know I am nearing the holy ranks." God is blessing our common Methodist. We are on the upward grade. Let us give God the glory, and press forward!

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Moravians have 4,808 communicants in the island of Jamaica, gathered in 14 congregations.

Wednesday, October 3, is the time of opening the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Boston. It is said that in the Reformed Dutch Church, the past year has been the most fruitful in conversions of all its history. Its communicants now number 78,631.

Arrangements are being made in Philadelphia for a series of meetings under the leadership of George Muller. Rev. E. T. Fletcher, who years ago filled Methodist pastorates at Fall River, New Bedford and Pawtucket, R. I., died at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 24th ult., aged 53. He was a graduate of Brown University, and lately has been literary editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

A new Congregational church, to cost \$13,000, is going up at St. Catherine, Ontario. Several benevolent young men have insured their lives in an English company to pay for it. The minutes of the Ohio Congregational Conference show a total membership of 21,968 in that State during the year. This is exclusive of thirteen churches in Pennsylvania and two in West Virginia, which also belong to this Conference.

The Aberdeen Free Church Presbytery has resolved, by a majority of only five, to proceed against Professor Robertson Smith on specific charges. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, of Nova Scotia, reports 1,042 churches and 95,000 communicants.

The Baptist Churches in China correspond with each other annually. According to the letters of 1876, there are twenty churches in China, three in California and Oregon, and one each in Demerara and Siam, making in all 25 churches, with 1,502 communicants. The number of baptisms was 187.

The American Missionary Association meets this year in Syracuse, O. tober 23d to 25th. Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., of New Haven, Ct., will preach the annual sermon.

The Reformed Episcopal Church has now eighty parishes and a membership of about 5,000. St. Paul's Church, Chicago, since the resignation of Bishop Fallows, has had no pastor. During the past six months more than one hundred have joined the Church by confirmation. Rev. W. J. Hunter, D. D., late of the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, Canada, is the new pastor.

Mr. McCall's mission in Paris, France, was conducted last year at an expense of only \$13,000. Mr. McCall is an English Protestant, who is laboring among the poor. During five years past he has established 23 mission stations, having a weekly attendance of over 7,000 adults and about 2,500 children. The results of his work have been such as to elicit praise from the Paris police and earn for him the medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Good Deeds, of which the Archbishop of Bordeaux is a member.

In London there are carried on regularly for children 100 Sunday evening services, and 125 week-day evening services. In Liverpool there are 94

services for children, with an average attendance of 17,500 children, and a staff of 740 teachers and helpers.

Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, late of Chicago, has begun his labors with the Broadway Church and society in Norwich, Conn.

Islay Walden, a young colored student, lately of Harvard College, is selling a little book of hymns in New Haven, to raise money to carry him through his studies for the ministry, and is going to labor among the freedmen.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the Presbyterian Church at Stroudsburg, Pa., was celebrated August 15th. The church was beautifully decorated. A two-weeks' meeting, of extraordinary interest and power, in the Springfield Presbyterian Church, Ky., closed August 5, with forty-three adults and ten children added to the Church, making some seventy additions in the past year.

According to the returns of the present year, the number of members of the Presbyterian Churches within the limits of the city of Philadelphia is 25,893.

The Evangelist says: "We hear of several revivals going forward in the Southern States. At Victoria, Texas, nearly one hundred persons have professed to have found the Saviour precious to them. About forty have united with the Presbyterian Church. In the Piedmont Presbyterian Church, Franklin county, Va., 300 persons professed to obtain hope of salvation; at another, just closed, at the court house, nearly 200 persons gave their names to the evangelist as having found peace in believing."

The First Baptist Church of Trenton, N. J., has added 109 persons to its membership the past year, making over 300 in three years. The Church now numbers 950, and seems to enjoy a continuous revival.

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THIS AND THAT.

One firm in New York, engaged in the manufacture of matches, consumes per annum 700,000 feet of white pine lumber, 100,000 pounds of sulphur, and 150 tons of straw board for boxes.

"England is the home of eccentricity," say foreigners. It might be added, more especially the home of eccentric testators. Early in the present century a rich Englishman left his daughters their weight in £1 bank-notes. The eldest got £51,200, the youngest, £57,344.

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,500 days; spent in amusements 4,000 days; walked 800 days; expended 1,500 days in eating; and been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquids.

The government canal around the Des Moines rapids of the Mississippi river at Keokuk, Ia., which has just been formally opened to navigation, is 7.12 miles long and 300 feet wide, with three locks, each 350 feet long. It was begun in October, 1867, and has been in progress most of the time since. The improvement has cost over \$4,000,000, and is the most important one on the Mississippi above New Orleans.

The total population of the country is about thirty-eight and a quarter millions. Total number of deaths in the current census year, 492,263, or about 1,349 per cent; of births, 1,100,475, or about 3,000 per cent; of blind, about 20,000; of deaf and dumb, about 16,000; of idiotic, about 24,000; of insane, about 37,000, nearly one-third of whom are of foreign birth; of persons over 80 years of age, about 150,000; of persons over 90 years of age, about 7,000; of persons over 100 years of age, about 3,500. Of those over 80 years, the females outnumber the males by about 12,000. Of these over 90 years, the females are in excess by about 1,200. Of those over 100 years, the females exceed the males by about 1,000.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE WESLEYANS.

(Clothing part of Rev. C. GARRETT'S Address before the Temperance Convention held during the session of the British Wesleyan Conference.)

He would say to his brethren, if they wished to be a blessing in every house they visited, let them be abstainers. No man lived to himself, no minister lived to himself. It had been said that a private Christian was like a pocket watch, but a minister like the town clock. And so it was; they could not go through life without exerting a great influence of some sort or other. If they went to the house and took the glass, their influence went against the wife's prayers and the mother's tears. He besought them to be careful as to what they decided to do.

The speaker then mentioned that three years ago he was in Wales, and made an attempt to climb one of the mountains. There were two paths leading to the summit; one was steep and dangerous, and the other more easy. As he was hesitating which to take he was startled by hearing his little boy, who was following him without his knowledge, call out, "Papa, take the safest path, for I am following you." Did they think he hesitated? No; he would rather have had his arm cut off than have placed in jeopardy that boy. The young and the weak—whose heads were giddy and whose feet were unsteady—were crying to them, "Take the safe path, for we are following you; you may be able to stand, but oh, think of us!" One of his friends said to him in the morning, "How long will it be before you will get the Permissive Bill?" That question reminded him of an incident which occurred the other day. A traveler was passing a man who was cranking stones by the road-side, and said to him, "How long will it take me to get to Leeds?" "The only reply the man made was 'Go on,' and when he had proceeded a few steps the traveler turned round and said to the man, 'Why didn't you tell me this before?' But the answer was, 'How could I say before I knew how fast you were going?' Just so, if they asked him when they were going to have the Permissive Bill, a teetotal Conference, and a teetotal country, his reply was he did not know, but his hope was much stronger since he had seen them walk. Look at the progress they had made since the last Conference in Bristol. Then, in the scientific world, he remembered that his brave, true-hearted friend Dr. Lees stood almost alone, but now what did he see? At his side were Sir H. Thompson, Sir William Gull, and Dr. Richardson, and a host of others. Look again at the Parliamentary world. Beside the large numbers who supported Sir Wilfrid Lawson, there were several who were trying to rival him. About a dozen bills had been brought into Parliament during the present session bearing indirectly on the drink traffic. Let them get people to talk about temperance, and they would soon come to teetotalism. He was told only recently of a Sir So-and-so who had all his brewing vessels sent away, he having announced that he was going to have nothing more to do with drink! The two universities were trying to rival each other in the matter; the clergy of the Church of England were coming over to their ranks—such men, for instance, as Canon Farrar, Canon Wilberforce, and three or four of the Bishops were pledged abstainers. Every one of the Nonconformist Churches had identified themselves with the movement, and of the Methodist ministers he was glad to know that one-third were pledged teetotalers. He rejoiced to know that most of the young men ordained that morning were teetotalers. Mr. Garrett, in concluding, said: My brothers and sisters, sail on! The morning comes, the port we shall yet win. And all the bells of God shall ring our good ship bravely in.

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BOSTON MARKET.

Sept. 11, 1877.
FLOUR—Superior, \$4.00 @ 4.25; extra, \$5.00 @ 5.25; No. 1, \$5.25 @ 5.50; No. 2, \$5.50 @ 5.75; No. 3, \$5.75 @ 6.00; No. 4, \$6.00 @ 6.25; No. 5, \$6.25 @ 6.50; No. 6, \$6.50 @ 6.75; No. 7, \$6.75 @ 7.00; No. 8, \$7.00 @ 7.25; No. 9, \$7.25 @ 7.50; No. 10, \$7.50 @ 7.75; No. 11, \$7.75 @ 8.00; No. 12, \$8.00 @ 8.25; No. 13, \$8.25 @ 8.50; No. 14, \$8.50 @ 8.75; No. 15, \$8.75 @ 9.00; No. 16, \$9.00 @ 9.25; No. 17, \$9.25 @ 9.50; No. 18, \$9.50 @ 9.75; No. 19, \$9.75 @ 10.00; No. 20, \$10.00 @ 10.25; No. 21, \$10.25 @ 10.50; No. 22, \$10.50 @ 10.75; No. 23, \$10.75 @ 11.00; No. 24, \$11.00 @ 11.25; No. 25, \$11.25 @ 11.50; No. 26, \$11.50 @ 11.75; No. 27, \$11.75 @ 12.00; No. 28, \$12.00 @ 12.25; No. 29, \$12.25 @ 12.50; No. 30, \$12.50 @ 12.75; No. 31, \$12.75 @ 13.00; No. 32, \$13.00 @ 13.25; No. 33, \$13.25 @ 13.50; No. 34, \$13.50 @ 13.75; No. 35, \$13.75 @ 14.00; No. 36, \$14.00 @ 14.25; No. 37, \$14.25 @ 14.50; No. 38, \$14.50 @ 14.75; No. 39, \$14.75 @ 15.00; No. 40, \$15.00 @ 15.25; 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Communications which we are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request to do so is made at the time they are sent, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally useless to make this request at any subsequent time. Articles are frequently rejected which, if condensed into half their space, we might be glad to use. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket at once, unread.

Articles are paid for only when this is expressly stipulated.

As a Christian minister you are to bear in mind that an important element of power with men is separateness from the world.

The vows of God are upon you. Renouncing all secular callings, you have sworn at the altar to devote your life to the service of God in the sanctuary. After this solemn consecration men do not expect you to descend to the arena of traffic or secular business, especially for the purpose of enriching yourself like worldly men. The moment you appear, to buy and sell in the market, to trade in stocks, in mines, or in real estate, you have lost one-half your moral power. Men will say, "He has become like one of us; he is simply of this world." Hold to your sacred duties. Let others trade; you have a higher work.

The Saviour promised us no immunity from temptation, but the most ample support in it. We are to be tempted in all points like as He was; but in every temptation there is to be for us a way of escape. In the midst of the fire we shall be able to endure it. Without temptation we should never know the depths of evil within our hearts; without support in it, or deliverance from it, we should never have known the greatness and preciousness of the Lord's grace. The Lord opens to us the gate of temptation, not because He is unable to control the elements of evil, but because He intends to use them to display the depths of sin and the unmeasured heights of redemption.

Your best defense against the assaults of the arch enemy is an inward one. It consists in the tone, the temper, the attitude of the soul; in the inwardness and the indwelling of God in the life of the individual. What ever is outward only, is weak and vulnerable; the barriers, however apparently strong, may be easily broken through; but the strength of God wrought into the texture of the religious life, and made, as it were, a part of the web and woof of our being, becomes an impenetrable shield, against which the fiery darts of Apollyon are hurled in vain. He may come as he did to the Saviour, but it will be, as in that case, to find nothing in you. An outside devil can never do us any harm, provided you have a Saviour within to meet and repel his assaults. The battle is not to be fought in the outer court, but in the very inner temple of our being. Conquer here, and we conquer everywhere.

In the struggle against evil you will be safe so long as devoted to the work of the Master. Activity in good will prove your best protection. Satan has no power against a soldier of the Cross when on duty; he becomes vulnerable only when he withdraws from the contest. Follow close to the banner and strike home upon the foe, and you will constantly share yourself in the triumph of your great Chief.

A cotton mill took fire in the day-time. The looms and spindles were all stopped, and the building burned to the ground; but through the whole fire the great water-wheel continued in motion and remained unscathed amid the flame. Such is a soul engaged in duty for God. The fires about it have no power over it; the elements of destruction are held at bay by the very intensity and constancy of its activity.

"When you do not know what to do," said the elder Bonaparte, "do nothing." We would commend this admirable rule to those who are now heralding an "epoch of faith." They seem to feel that it is important that something be done; they are not at all agreed what that something is.

In this dilemma we would advise them to sit down and meditate till some wiser light breaks forth; or better, to kneel, in good Methodist fashion, and pray for divine illumination. The spectacle of men befogged in clear sunlight is not commendatory of their good sense or honesty of purpose. The world by wisdom has never come to know God. God comes to the contrite and humble soul. The little child only is able to find entrance to His rest.

Now this is the way these ecclésiastical seem not to know. Learned as they often talk, they are here as blind as Nicodemus, groping their way in this high noon of the Gospel, over the rugged cliffs of science, toiling across the arid deserts of human speculation, or tossed on the billowy and treacherous deep of religious doubt, in the vain hope of finding the true religion. The search is useless; that is not the way to God. On that misty and devious road many have

lost their religion; but no one has found a substitute of any value.

It is often curious to see how far men will travel to find what is close at hand. Mr. Wesley went to America to find God when He was all the time nearer in London. These disciples of doubt, compassing land and sea in their talk about religion, remind one of the traditional farmer who searched his whole premises to find the hat which was all the while upon his head. They go to Germany, to India, to all the heathenisms, to catch some diluted idea of God, when much better doctrines are shining all around them. They forget the apostle's declaration: "The word is nigh thee, the word of faith which we preach," and which finds a response in their innermost consciousness. Let them hush the clatter of controversy, and listen for that still, small voice which can be heard only in the silence of passion and the submission of the soul to God.

You cannot be too deeply impressed with the importance of the pastoral work. You are not called simply to speak in public, to address men in the mass, to attack sin as it were at long range; you are equally called to render your message personal, to single out men and to urge the Gospel on the individual conscience. No doubt some men are better adapted than others to this work; but no one capable of addressing a Christian audience in public can be entirely wanting in the capacity to specialize and individualize his message.

Success in your work as a minister requires pastoral faithfulness and diligence. In public you speak to the mass, and individuals will evade the well-aimed strokes of truth, it being so much easier to pass the message over to our neighbors than to take it home. The sermon is like the shot of the sportsman, discharged at the flock on wing; you may bring down several or none. But some kinds of game are not taken in that way. They are not gregarious; they are on the alert for the sportsman, and if taken at all it will be by a direct aim at the individual. You will not bag them without you intend to do so and make definite and persistent efforts in that direction.

Again, the pastoral work will directly aid your preaching. You will, by this means, know the people—their tastes, temper, conditions, and temptations. You will never strike in the dark or draw the bow at a venture. You will have the great advantage of fresh and live topics. You will be able to strike fire and touch the heart every time as no mere preacher can.

The most valuable commentary on any book is sympathy with its author and with the sentiments to which he gives utterance. Sympathy occupies a position in the inner court, is able to look outward in all directions, to take to understand the matter in its essence and wholeness. Sympathy not only sees, it realizes, the truth. In this way the fact becomes tangible, appreciable, impressive.

You will never be able to understand the Bible by commentaries and outward helps alone. They will leave you still in the letter, in the husk; you will be only a Jew outwardly, and not in the interior life of the soul. You will be able to know the mind of God only when you read His Word from the heart, and enter into sympathy with His holiness. A pure heart, as a help to the understanding of the Bible, is more important than the most learned commentary. Indeed, the commentary is useless without the heart back of it, as a key to it. Learning without the spirit errs more egregiously and dangerously than ignorance with it. If shut up to the alternative of scholarship or piety in interpreting the Bible, we should unhesitatingly choose the latter. Pious ignorance, though working with uncounted implements and in awkward ways, will dig down to the hidden springs whence flow the waters of life for the refreshment of the people. Bunyan, writing from the fullness of a Christian experience, affords a better exposition of the mind of God than the most learned prelate who never professed to be converted. The one speaks from the inside, from the *aditus* of the religious life; the other from the outside, from tradition. The one relates what he has heard, the other what he knows, of the esoteric and finer sense, capable of being apprehended and set forth only by a soul in experimental sympathy with the Author of all religious truth.

Hence prayer, a yearning for divine grace, a kindling of the flame of devotion, becomes an important help in understanding the Word of God, just as the artistic taste is indispensable in interpreting works of art. The spirit of piety is the religious artistic taste, the key that will unlock the deep and hidden things of God, the clue that will conduct one through the mysteries of the faith, to the Author of faith.

HOLD . . . FAST . . . THAT NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN.

For reasons that can readily be understood, in some quarters, there is a serious reaction against the preaching or professing of anything that bears the appellation of the "higher life," or any other term that signifies a condition of Christian experience and life above that of the average in the Churches. This is not a matter of surprise in the sister Calvinistic Churches. For the last score of years a large number of Christians, of both sexes, and bearing the various evangelical Christian names, with several connected with the Society of Friends, have become personally interested (or have professed to be) in the higher walks of a holy experience. They have openly made profession of very rich spiritual victories; they have felt themselves called to become evangelists and teachers of this way of life (some of them certainly without the adequate signs of a divine call); they have held single and protracted services as they could find opportunity; they have been nei-

ther wise nor sparing, at times, in their criticisms upon the religious condition of the Church, ministry and people; some have fallen into great eccentricities of modes and of manners, and into extravagances, and even improprieties, of assertion and exhortation, while some have yielded to grievous temptations, and have brought shame and sorrow upon the Christian profession.

Never more than at the present hour has the importance of following the New Testament order, and of restraining the public administration of the Word to those who have received the recognition of the Church for this purpose, been manifest, nor the wisdom of the injunction to lay hands suddenly upon no man. Immature, ill-instructed, imprudent and unfitted persons are everywhere grasping a Bible, and rushing into the altar to instruct the people, not out of their rich treasures of knowledge, but out of their babbling fountains of ignorance. There is, indeed, a work for everybody to do—the humblest as well as the highest. The Master's field stretches wide and white before every one of us. There are men near to us all to be sought out and led to Him; but let not every one suppose himself called, as was Aaron, the office of the ministry. An English friend assured us the other day that he heard, in his own country, one of these ambitious but ignorant young men, who had become much inflated by his marriage with a member of the nobility, as he jauntily opened his Bible before an audience, and said, "I have a fresh word for us all to-day." Then he read the last clause of the 14th verse of the 38th chapter of Isaiah: "Undertake for me." "You all know," said he, "what an undertaking does for us! So God will undertake for me! He will make a coffin, place self in it, screw it down, and bury it!" Think of that, as solemnly affirmed to be a fresh word from God, the Holy Ghost, and coming through His inspired volume as an immediate suggestion to this elect young man!

As much of this unrecognized evangelism has been connected with the dogmatic and semi-argumentative utterances of what is called the doctrine of holiness, and as this high and blessed condition of life and character has been associated with many unscriptural and unlovely acts, and words, and tempers, on the part of certain of its professed disciples; and, particularly, as some of the most pronounced and unqualified in their professions have seemed to lack the stability, harmony and sweetness of experience becoming really mature saints, both great distrust in, and disrelish of, the doctrine have been felt. Many are revolted from its earnest presentations, rather than drawn to it. And many of our ministers, on this account, rarely allude to the Christian's privilege and duty to enjoy a victory over himself, the adversary, and sin.

Nothing can be more unfortunate than this. The one chief, spiritual occasion of the perpetuity of the great revelation under John Wesley, was the fact that the young converts were immediately urged forward in the spiritual life; high attainments were constantly held before them, and all his providential modes were arranged to assist the members of his societies in making constant advances in holy experience and living. The possibility of knowing, by the persuasion of the Holy Spirit, of our adoption into the heavenly family, and of attaining a mighty triumph, in Christ's name, over the world, the flesh, and the devil, formed the staple of the preaching in New England which startled out of its living grave the formal and sleeping Church of the "standing order." While we heard very much less in our early religious experience, of terms expressing great attainments, of visions, of "living without sin," of "the laying on of hands," of "the higher life," and never of "holiness" or "national" camp-meetings and associations; had less to read of argumentative treatises, magazines, and hand-books upon such themes, we have vivid recollections of really sainted men and women, of forest meetings that were marked, from beginning to end, with extraordinary divine influences; of deep, solemn, spiritual testimonies; although no one stood to count and keep the tally, and no effort was made to grace the occasion with spiritual wit and marvelous religious apophthegms. The well-known biographies of eminently active as well as holy saints, and the remarkable tracts of Mr. Wesley upon the subject, were widely scattered and read.

Immediately at the close of such extraordinary meetings as those above referred to, and in connection with all protracted services, not as an additional and peculiar form of faith upon which some could enter while others were not able, but as the next and immediately essential step to be taken, all young converts were urged to press forward for a greater spiritual victory which was before them, and which would prepare them for usefulness and wider growth in holiness and happiness.

Now our pastors must not surrender their birthright. Let no man take your crown. No one can lead others forward without having been over the ground himself. There is a maturity in piety, a fullness in holy love, a pervading and heavenly baptism, a divine sealing of the inward spiritual work, a supernatural freedom in service and sacrifice, and an indescribable but blessed Christward constriction of the soul, that every minister needs both for the comfortable and successful discharge of his delicate and responsible duties, and to enable him constantly, in sermon and service, to say, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

It would be a sad day for our Church, if for any occasion she should seek to

drop her distinguishing glory of seeking to spread holiness through the land. No popularity, however deserved, on account of learning or eloquence, would be any compensation for the loss of this. Said the proud prelate, amid the amazing symbols of the wealth of the Church around him—"She can no longer truly say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "And," was the ready and significant response, "neither can she now say to the helpless, 'Rise up and walk!'"

SWISS INDUSTRY.

A very active discussion is now going on in Switzerland as to the true source of support and the sound policy of that peculiar little country. Its soil has never been able to nourish its children, and for ages the men have been obliged to go abroad in the summer as peddlers of Swiss wares made during the winter; or they have enlisted by thousands in foreign armies; or they have sold themselves as regiments of mercenaries to sustain foreign monarchs against their own disloyal subjects; or they have emigrated to foreign lands to find a permanent home abroad.

Now these occupations and last resorts are by no means desirable, and the Swiss are opening their eyes to the fact that they are not even necessary. They perceive that they need no longer seek foreigners in order to receive employment, because these are so ready to come to them. The stream of travel to Switzerland has become constant and certain, to say nothing of the large number of strangers that come to make a permanent residence on account of the manifold advantages to be enjoyed. The great question now is,—How attract these strangers to us?

For many years it was the custom of the Swiss to look on visitors as birds to be plucked, and their reputation as "honest Swiss" disappeared entirely in the means resorted to in order to get as much as possible, by fair means or foul, from all the strangers that came. This policy put them into continual antagonism with their visitors, and caused the latter to carry away reports that deterred others from coming. But at last the Swiss authorities have waked up to the fact that when a country does not possess the soil that will feed its people, that these must either emigrate to other lands, or cultivate some branch of industry that will insure them a support. Now Switzerland is in this condition: The soil will not support its two and a half millions of inhabitants, and though a land consisting mainly of pastures, it imports more cattle and butter than it exports. Switzerland actually imports annually articles of indispensable necessity to the amount of seventeen millions of dollars. Now how pay this heavy sum unless by some industry that it can cultivate at home?

Therefore the deeply-rooted conviction that the question of the hour for Switzerland is the cultivation of native industry, and especially of such branches as can be carried on in the isolated *chalets* as well as in the cities where labor can concentrate and accept its divisions. The Centennial of Philadelphia frightened the Swiss with the display of American watches that surpass their own in utility and accuracy, and meetings have been held in various parts of the country to consider the condition of the waning watch industry; but this excitement was rather overdone, for there is a portion of the watch industry peculiar to Switzerland, and which must be executed by hand; and the demand for this delicate and artistic production will not cease. To this the Swiss will now confine themselves, and doubtless develop it to such an extent as to make it more attractive than ever.

In this dilemma the Swiss authorities are making a systematic study of the situation, and advising their people how to meet the crisis that is upon them. And we deem their counsel eminently wise. It is this: "Remain at home and earn an honest living by cultivating the peculiar resources and advantages that God has given us." The mountains, the valleys, the waters, the glaciers, the very air of Switzerland, form a golden soil that needs only to be cultivated to bring forth smiling harvests. There is money, wealth, comfort, for all that will labor in supplying the wants of all that will be drawn to Switzerland by its incomparable attractions if all things are made pleasant and prepossessing. Swiss schools are excellent, and may draw thousands from other countries. Half the governesses on the continent are educated in Swiss schools, and many more may be, by the offering of the attractions offered in such great educational centres as Zurich and Geneva.

The very air of Switzerland is a wave of gold in which thousands bathe annually to enjoy a simple cure of air on the lofty meadows or rocky crags. "Go breathe Swiss air and drink goats' milk on the Swiss mountains," is now one of the most common prescriptions of European physicians. And again, the stream of tourists can be greatly increased in the summer by a judicious and honest treatment of their guests. It has been too common for the Swiss in the ordinary places of resort to look on strangers as victims to be fleeced; thus they to a certain extent have made people timid and suspecting among them. But the authorities have taken this matter in hand, and determined to put a stop to extortion. The guides, coachmen, burden-bearers, and nearly all who systematically come into contact with the traveler, are now regulated by a legal tariff which they dare not transgress; and in most places the traveler need now do no more than mount a horse or donkey, or step into a coach, tell the

driver where to go, ask for his tariff list, pay it, and dismiss him without any bickering or overcharge; and above all, for comfort, without the suspicion of having been fleeced. The authorities have even discussed the subjects of beggary with great care, and advised all tourists not to give anything to professional beggars, as the best means of making them abandon their profession.

And again: "Attract strangers to the country by honest treatment, and they will be more inclined to buy your wares." This sounds like the teachings of Mentor in Telemachus. A branch of Swiss industry that is acquiring immense extent and value is that of wood carving. This in some regions is rising to the dignity of a fine art, and many of the productions are so exquisitely elaborate and beautiful that it is very difficult to resist the temptation to buy. Not only many large communities are now thus supported, but in thousands of hamlets and isolated *chalets* this industry is carried on during the long, dreary winters. In short, Switzerland has learned that she is abundantly able to support herself, and is adopting the means so to do.

INDIA CORRESPONDENCE.

FOURTH OF JULY BY THE GANGES.

The *when* and the *where* of my little story being thus already indicated, I am left to deal mainly with the *who* and the *how*. Yet it must be admitted that "by the Ganges" is a somewhat indefinite location, and I might as well say at once that Cawnpore was the place where we kept the 101st anniversary of our nation's birth. We Lucknow missionaries had, some weeks before, talked over the matter of the coming celebration, and it was at length agreed *non. com.* that the very best thing to do would be to break the monotony of midsummer Indian life by a ride on the rail to the neighboring city, and an indulgence in whatever festivity could there be found.

The eventful morning saw us, to the number of half-a-dozen, comfortably seated in one end of a third-class car of the conservative, but convenient, Oudh and Rohilund railway. The rest of the car was well filled with Hindus of all ages, who watched with intense curiosity every movement of our party. We also found some pleasure at looking at, and talking with, them. For, as in every Hindu crowd, some were intelligent and interesting, ready at repartee, and thoroughly wide-awake. We tried to drop some seeds of truth wrapped in the attractive covering of our Christian hymns; and just as we reached the long bridge over the sacred Ganges we sang with much feeling to a sweet Hindustani tune one of our most beautiful songs, which tells how "the river is deep, the boat is old, but Jesus Christ will carry us over." May some of those who heard it trust themselves to this divine Bridge!

Safely arrived, after a very pleasant journey of two hours and a half, at the Cawnpore station, we found carriages waiting, under the charge of Brother Knowles, to carry us all to the Girls' School for breakfast with Miss Thoburn. Half an hour's drive brought us there. This property, recently purchased for a very small sum by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, is admirably adapted to the use required. The grounds are ample, including some handsome avenues of tall trees and many broad acres for pasturage or playground, and the buildings, of which there are several, require but little modification to fit them for school purposes. The estate extends a good distance along the river, and the Ganges pours its mighty flood within a few yards of the principal house. It is not wholly an advantage to have it so near, for these Eastern streams are very treacherous, and a swift shifting of their strong current, make nothing of undermining and sweeping away a large extent of land in a very short time. There are other drawbacks, too; for it is, alas, a heathen, and not a Christian, river! And every day naked corpses, burned a little after the Hindu custom, and then flung on to the bosom of the divine mother, come floating down the stream hideous and ghastly. Two, covered with odious black vultures, passed on their dismal way as we gazed that morning, and the remembrance will not soon escape us.

The breakfast passed off merrily, with abundance of good cheer, adorned with flowers and flags and pleasant talk. I believe we essayed one or two patriotic airs, such as "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White, and Blue." But there was a dearth of books and of voices, and it sounded, on the whole, a little forced and melancholy—something like trying to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land." We waved the banner enthusiastically, however, and stirred up so much responsive excitement in the breasts of the merry school-girls who watched us furiously from another room, that they also formed a flag, getting together some rags of the proper colors, and danced it about with much glee. These girls—at present thirty-six in number—come from all parts of the country, and are here learning what will make them useful either in the home or in some public sphere. Under Miss Thoburn's judicious guidance the school is fast making for itself a name which will, we trust, in the coming years be honored more and more.

It had been arranged that the principal event of the day should take place at Dr. Wagh's bungalow. So, shortly after breakfast we took carriage again, and were set down at his hospitable door. It was now the hottest part of the day, and the noon siesta was in

order. It is difficult for a brisk, bustling, vigorous American to comprehend the necessity or propriety of a regular nap of an hour in the broadest kind of light. It would be especially astonishing to him, probably, to have this set down as part of the programme for a Fourth of July celebration. But these long, sultry, exhausting summer days, of which the early morning and the evening are the only really endurable portions, make the noon siesta quite indispensable, even to those who are young, and strong, and well. In the large Boys' Boarding School a table is regularly set apart for it, and a half a hundred or more active youths intermit study and play between twelve and two.

As the dinner hour drew nigh, late in the afternoon, we gathered again—a dozen of us in all—in Dr. Wagh's parlor. We were not wholly an American company. Some were English and some Irish by birth, and others were removed by a single generation only from those mother lands. And perhaps in this we did but represent all the more accurately the conglomerate character of the American people. The mingled strength of many nations stiffens the sinews and hardens the muscles of the great Republic.

You will not expect me to describe the dinner. It is enough to say that it was thoroughly worthy of the occasion. It was prepared by Pir Bux, the chief culinary celebrity of the mission, who has been in the service of some one or other of the missionaries for nearly twenty years past, and has now found a fitting scope for his genius in managing the boarding department of the Memorial School. This school, I may say in passing, under Dr. Wagh's faithful and competent supervision, is doing admirably. It has now seventy-six boarders, and enough day scholars to fully make up the round hundred. A very extensive estate, close by the railway track, and only a few rods from that Ganges bridge already mentioned, has been purchased for it; and a large, substantial building, erected last year, accommodates the boys. Unhappily there is a very heavy debt upon it, which cripples the proper expansion of the enterprise, and it would be a most appropriate use of the Lord's money if some American steward thereof would send over here ten or fifteen thousand dollars to relieve this severe pressure. We believe it will come in good time.

Another interruption to the day's festivities, which will seem quite as strange to some as the sleeping, consisted of a prayer-meeting in the neighboring mission church. It was the regular night for the weekly gathering, so we hurried from the dinner table to our places in and around the pulpit. Brothers Messmore and Mansell conducted the service, and a fervent appeal by the latter to the unconverted, inviting them to rise for prayers now, was given with as much heartiness and persistency as though we had come over from Lucknow exclusively for that purpose, and as though the thermometer said sixty instead of ninety-five.

On returning to our pleasant quarters tea at once followed, after the Indian custom, accompanied by cake, confectionery, and ice cream, without which the "glorious Fourth" could hardly have been appropriately observed. The table was set in the open air, and we tarried long, not at the wine, for we were all staunch teetotallers, but at the water, telling stories, cracking jokes, and making abundant amusement out of all available material. Then quieter discussions in-doors, and some songs and hymns, new and old, around the cabinet organ, followed by a few words of prayer, brought our happy day to a close.

Most of the party went back to their work the next morning, but your correspondent stayed over a little to make further acquaintance with the beauties and celebrities of Cawnpore. They are but few. The Memorial Garden, around the famous well where Nana Sahib flung his massacred victims just twenty years ago, is a little piece of paradise, so far as exquisite taste and boundless resources in the way of grass and flowers, shrubs and trees, can make it so. The dark and silent cypresses about the well, and the tall white angel that keeps guard above it within the beautifully cut wall of stone, are exceedingly impressive. And the Memorial church, some little distance away, erected at enormous expense by the government, is very, very handsome, but subject to the damaging drawback that it is wholly unadapted to the climate, and practically useless during all the hot season. Beyond these things there is little to detain a visitor at Cawnpore. It is a growing, thriving place of a hundred thousand inhabitants, engaged largely in the grain and cotton trade. There are also two important cotton mills. Our mission is well established there. The two schools are already a decided success; and the church, which contains a pipe organ, and is soon to be enlarged to meet the increasing demands of the congregation, is a centre of much usefulness. May it be the means of bringing many hundreds of Hindus to the light of Christian life!

JAMES MUDGE.

Lucknow, July, 1877.

Rev. Joseph Cook, it seems, has achieved a transatlantic reputation. Mr. Spurgeon expresses himself as follows concerning his lectures:—"These are wonderful lectures. We bless God for raising up such a champion for the truth as Joseph Cook. Few could but admire the man, his position, his life, his labors, his fame as Mr. Cook has done. He has strong convictions, the courage of his convictions, and force to support his courage. In reasoning the infidel party have here met their match. We know of no other man one-half so well qualified for the peculiar service of exploding the pretensions of modern science as this great preacher. Some men shrink from this spiritual wild boar

hunting, but Mr. Cook is as happy in it as he is in exposing the arm of the bear strengthened by the Lord of Hosts."

We learn that these lectures will be published, shortly, by J. R. Osgood & Co.

Editorial Items.

Having occasion, some time since, to refer to certain Bible and statistics relating to the modern condition and growth of Romanism, we dropped a line to Prof. Wells, of Union College, for him to suggest the best volume embodying the desired information. He recommended, and forwarded by mail, a copy of *Romanism As It Is*, by Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. We were not unfamiliar with the volume, but had not carefully examined its encyclopaedic contents. The first edition was issued five or six years since; but the later have been carefully revised and a valuable appendix has been added to the last, reviewing late controversies with the Roman Church upon the ecclesiastical property question, upon public schools, etc., in this country, and giving a sketch of Romanism in Germany, Italy, Spain, South America and Mexico. Mr. Barnum is a conscientious and accomplished scholar. His reputation, in this respect and as a writer, was won by his admirable American edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. The work on Romanism meets the want of intelligent men who desire to have exact and reliable information in reference to the Roman Catholic system, ecclesiastical and political; the story of its gradual development into its present highly organized and efficient condition; the lessons taught by its previous history; its present manifest tendencies and aims, and its probable influence upon American institutions and liberties. The statements, facts and figures in this volume have been drawn from official and authentic sources, and are rendered all the more reliable by a complete index. The work forms a stout octavo of 384 pages, and is published and sold by subscription by the Connecticut Publishing Company of Hartford.

Bishop Marvin, of the Church South, in his latest speech before the British Conference, gave an appreciation and glowing account of Southern Methodism, especially of its mission work. He spoke hopefully and beautifully of the efforts of his Church for the salvation of the heathen found among the Indians, the Mexicans, the Germans, the Brazilians, and the Chinese. But in a speech otherwise so excellent, there is one notable omission. While telling of a zeal urging them to the world's end and rescue the souls of barbarians, he made no mention of their missions among the five millions of colored men in the South itself, of whom even Gen. Tompkins made such eloquent mention in the Georgia Constitutional Convention. How happened the Bishop to forget this important section of the work? Was it because he had been so long out of the country? or did he not happen to have the statistics at hand? We would humbly suggest that some of the Southern churches furnish the statistics of this interesting part of their mission field for publication in connection with the Bishop's speech. Everybody should be glad to see that side of the picture filled out.

A correspondent in Göttingen, Germany, writes in a private note:—

"I cannot help saying how much I appreciated the editorial (editorial) on 'Public School Education.' Give us more on this subject, if possible. The journals of education are good, but they do not reach the masses. The weekly and daily press of America ought to speak plainly and often on this as on other great subjects. If the parents and the public generally are not educated on this confessedly difficult subject, how can teachers do good work? If parents clamor for instruction, and do not see that instruction and education are two different things, they will get abundance of the former and little in the latter (which is, I am afraid, the chief evil of the school system). On the other hand, the public insist on education, I think they will be very likely to get it. What we want, and seek for, we generally get. But I had not intended to say so much."

About the most bare-faced iniquity that has been perpetrated in open day, in our New England jurisdiction, is the system of Sunday sea-shore excursions gotten up the past month in connection with the fine excursion steamer Plymouth Rock, of New York. We used to hear of this boat some years since when it was bound for the New York harbor for Sabbath breaking excursions to Long Branch. The reputable firm of Pond and Hattaway, successors to Redpath's Bureau, were interested in its late charter to run between Boston and Martha's Vineyard. But since camp-meeting has been taken other trips; and last Sabbath week, sailed for Portland. Over two thousand passengers were crowded on board; among them a large body of the roughest villains of our city streets, with many of the vilest women. Two bar-rooms were opened and the hall port on board; and this frightful mass of passion and crime was inflamed by the free use of even more fiery liquors. Massachusetts and Maine waters never witnessed a parallel scene. Fighting, swearing, obscenity and blasphemy rendered the steamer, for the steamer is to return to the sea. The respectable portion of the crowd were in constant terror of their lives, or of some danger to the steamer. A few police on board succeeded in ironing some of the most violent of the drunken rioters. Between one and two hundred remained behind in Portland and returned to the vessel. We trust some at least of the passengers on that eventful Sabbath were thoroughly cured of such Sabbath-breaking excursions; and we hope this shameful event will open the eyes of those who have been inclined to look apologetically upon these Sabbath holidays. We learn that the steamer is to return to our port for another excursion upon the seventeenth. We trust her agents, officers, and accommodations will be severely let alone, save as the proper magistrates may bring them to justice for such open breaches of law, and for such illegal exposures of thousands of human lives. The very name of the vessel, once the pride of all who have heard or read of the horrible scenes that occurred on board of her on that beautiful first of September Sabbath. God save us from such healthful(?) Sabbath excursions as these for laboring men!

On Saturday last the gay streets of Paris were draped in mourning, and a route six miles in length was lined by immense crowds of people to witness the funeral cortege of the foremost man of his generation in France, Louis Adolphe Thiers. Dying at the age of eighty, he had not outlived his glory or his usefulness. As a journalist, orator, cabinet minister, historian, president, statesman, his fame was not confined to his own nation, but was world-wide and will doubtless be enduring. To write his history would be to write the history of France for the last sixty years, for, more than any other, has been identified with all her interests. His intense patriotism, rising always above party,

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, September 23.

Lesson XIII. Acts ix, 17-32.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

PAUL AT MILETUS.

Soon after the mob at Ephesus, of which the last lesson spoke, Paul left for Macedonia and Greece. He undoubtedly revisited the cities where he had formerly established Churches—Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, and Corinth. It was on this journey in Macedonia that the apostle wrote his second letter to the Corinthians, in A. D. 58. While at Corinth he wrote the epistle to the Romans. He seemed to hold in mind continually "the care of all the Churches." Seven co-laborers journeyed through Macedonia (very possibly to collect the alms which Paul was raising for the needy Christians at Jerusalem), and stopped at Troas until Paul should arrive; whom, it seems, they preceded. At this place Paul preached; and here happened the remarkable incident of Paul's protracted midnight service, at which a young man fell asleep and consequently fell dead upon the pavement from the upper window where he was sitting. How many slumber under the appeals of the Gospel and fall to a worse disaster than happened to this sleeper! A sleep, a fall, a wreck! This is the story of souls, many times, who might be awake and saved. Paul uses miraculous power upon Eutychus and restores him to life. So God bends down over the lost, saying, "Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!" After the celebration of the sacrament, Paul's companions proceeded by vessel to Assos, he himself journeying aloft, a distance of about twenty miles. After stopping at Mitylene, lying off the coast of Chios, one night, touching at Samos, and passing another night at Trogyllium, they came to Miletus, a place twenty-eight miles south of Ephesus. Paul was hastening as rapidly as possible to Jerusalem, for his mission to the brethren there was of an imperative character. So he seemed desirous of avoiding a stop at Ephesus, which he might have reached quickly from Samos. But he sailed by this point, and had even "determined to sail past Ephesus" at one time; but for some reason he was induced to compromise the matter by asking a delegation of the Ephesian Church to come down and meet him on the Miletian shore.

Called the elders of the Church. He sent to Ephesus a request that the Church might send representatives to Miletus for a conference upon matters pertaining to the interests of the Church. If it is asked why Paul did not go himself to Ephesus, it might be answered that he was afraid, in case he visited Ephesus, he might find it more difficult to shorten his visit, where he would be among many friends. His words to the official heads of the Church could be quickly said.

Ye know . . . after what manner I have been with you. He opened his address to the elders, after their arrival from Ephesus, by appealing to his own life among them from the first. A clear record is a great resource. Nothing is equivalent, in any scale of values, to a spotless reputation. A frank, open life, lived in the clear sunlight, is not easily smirched by innuendoes or slanders.

Serving the Lord with all humility of mind—the heartiest and most effective kind of service, and the most acceptable to the Master. Pride and self-sufficiency cause friction in our work. A man who is all the time thinking of himself, does not work easily. In Christ's service the greatness of our work ought to absorb all egotism and pride; the majesty of the Cross ought to melt us into humility.

And with many tears. This confession lets us into one of the secret springs of Paul's wonderful power. He had strength; but it was an anointed might. His brave, heroic heart made him capable of any task; but his sympathy also made it possible for him to weep. The stoic never weeps. His philosophy freezes the fountain of the soul. Christ wept. Paul wrought his brave work with tears. They were not those of a weakling, whining over his heavy tasks, but were the drops which drained the clouds of an overburdened heart, and through which his bright virtues became still brighter, as the sunlight paints itself in the rainbow by shooting its lanes through the falling rain.

And temptations—not exactly what we mean by temptations, but rather tests, trials of his faith and fortitude, furnished by the opposition which he must confront at every step, from the crocheting, malignant Jews. How grandly he met these tests of his faith and character!

Is not looking at such a life something like looking at a hill-top fired by the first beams of the rising sun? It is good for us in the midst of lives so inconsistent, so dwarfed, so conventional as ours, to bear in mind how much greater and better others have been; how dauntlessly good, how magnificently victorious. (Farrar's Sermons—In the Days of thy Youth)

I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you. Paul preached from all doctrines, all sides of truth—ministered to his flock by sermons, by exhortations, by letters, by visitations. He poured himself forth with utter self-abandonment, in the work of saving men from sin.

Testifying . . . repentance toward God and faith, etc. To Jews and Greeks he preached the same fundamental doctrines—repentance and faith, Hebrew nature and Gentile nat-

ure both needed the same salvation; and the redemption of universal human nature came to pass in but one way.

I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem. He was directed and controlled in all his missionary work by the Holy Ghost. Deep convictions, irresistible purposes took possession of his soul, "bound" him to the work of his Master. There was a "Wo!" pealing in upon him if he thought of any other work than that of the apostleship.

In every city . . . bonds and afflictions abide me. He had passed through a large experience. City after city had persecuted him. He not only had the record of his trying experience, but the Holy Spirit revealed to him that this was an element in his mission. Preaching, with him, meant also persecution. He was forewarned, and therefore braced himself with heroic faith for such a daily lot.

None of these things move me. He walked on adamant. His soul was sheathed in an armor which no persecution could break through. Luther was like him, who said, "If I had duty to do in Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig though it rained Duke Georges nine days running."

Neither count I my life dear, etc. The dearest thing he possessed was counted worthless when measured by the joy of doing his whole duty as a follower and preacher of Christ. Duty first, then life, health, friends, money—whatever God may see fit to add to the joy of faithfulness, which is the best of all.

Ye all . . . shall see my face no more. We have no reason to doubt that this prediction proved true, although it is uttered rather as his own conviction in the matter, than as a prophecy.

He may have ground his expectation of never seeing them again, on the plan of making a journey into the west after seeing Rome, and from which, with bonds and imprisonments and other dangers awaiting him, he might well expect never to return. (Alford.)

I am pure from the blood of all men. He calls upon the elders before him to witness, that he, judged by an unimpeachable record, is guilty of no man's blood. "The blood of all men"—the life, the salvation of all, with whom he had labored, could bring no impeachment against him for unfaithfulness.

I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. The apostle was called to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This is the duty of every preacher. He does not manufacture his message—it is given him. If he withholds any part of it, he is not a true ambassador. He has no right to pervert his message because it may be unpopular or unpopular. He is only the voice; the "counsel," the saving truth, is God's. He will take care that it is efficient.

Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, etc. First be careful of your personal life, then be diligent in your pastoral work.

Overseers—elsewhere translated "bishops." It has been well remarked that "the English version has hardly dealt fairly with the sacred text in this case, in rendering *episkopos* overseers; whereas it ought there, as in all other places, to have been 'bishops,' that the fact of elders and bishops having been originally and apostolically synonymous might be apparent to the ordinary English reader, which now it is not."

Feed the Church of God, etc. Give the Church spiritual food. The Bible gives spiritual nutriment in bulk. The business of teachers, deacons, elders, pastors, is to "rightly divide" this food, so that the whole flock be fed. The purchased Church, atoned for by the blood of Christ, demands this.

After my departing shall grievous wolves enter in, etc. Wolfish, destructive leaders, instead of wise and tender shepherds, would soon come, seeking to injure the flock.

Of your own selves shall men arise, etc. There will be backsliders, perverts from the truth. Not only enemies from without, but foes of your own household shall arise to endanger the peace and success of the Church.

By the space of three years I ceased not to warn, etc. We know from ch. xix, 10, that Paul labored in Ephesus two years. His term of service probably overran that time so much as to make it nearer three than two years in all. He alludes again to the earnestness with which he had labored among the Ephesians, saying that by day and by night he had continued to warn men "with tears." He loved men. He did not grow hard or severe, with all his intercourse among the sinful and the skeptical; his heart grew tender the more he labored for the lost. Saul could be cruel, but Paul had forgotten every trait of the persecutor.

I commend you to God and to the Word. God and His Word go together in the work of salvation. He works through His Word. Without the Word we could not recognize God as Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Without the immediate power of His Spirit to illuminate and impress the Word upon heart and conscience, it would be letter and not life.

Which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance, etc. The "word of grace" is manna. It comes down from heaven. If must be gathered daily. Those who become heirs of the eternal kingdom are those who believe the Word. Their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 23.

1. What incidents in Paul's career fill up the interval between this lesson and the last?

2. How long had Paul labored in Ephesus?

3. Whom did he invite to meet him at Miletus?

4. What does he say to the Ephesian elders about his ministry in Ephesus?

5. Why did he feel the need of hastening on his journey?

The Family.

MY BLOSSOM.

BY META E. THORNE.

Thro' the glow of the golden spring-time, I watched with the eye of affection

A graceful and tender spray on the rose-bush within my garden.

Beautiful, fairy spray, secure in its mosses enfolded

Hidest the germ of a rose, soon to awake into blossom.

Crown of the whole glad year, crown of the summer's beauty.

"Summer, thou queen of the year, with soft and delicate fingers

Brush thou away the mosses concealing the bud I have cherished;

Brush thou so lightly away, lovingly, tenderly, gently,

'Twill seem that the sweet south wind hath wooed for a slight of the treasure;

Or sunshine sweetly hath kissed the soft lips into smiling,

Disclosing the pearls within, the opaline tinted petals."

Such were the words I spoke—spoke them in earnest entreaty,

Bending with longing love over the emerald leaflets,

Over the mossy cradle where swung my sleeping blossom.

Rocked by the slapping zephyrs and tended by fairy fingers.

On came the Summer space, shod with her sandals of sunlight,

Over the misty hills, over the valleys and meadows;

Till, at last, one morning, fair in her radiant glory

Stood she within my garden, over the rose-spray bending.

Softly her fingers white drew back the delicate coverings—

Back, yet so tenderly you'd have thought 'twas her kiss's sweetness

Wooded from its velvet pillow the face of the opening blossom."

Fair stood it now revealed, emblem of grace and beauty,

Pure as the drifted snow in radiant light of sunset.

Scarcely had it woke to life, peeped from its dewy windows,

Ere by its side I saw that which caused me to tremble.

Where so short time before Summer had it, he leaned above it,

Now stood an angel form clad in the robes of midnight;

Stood with extended hand ready to grasp my blossom.

Eagerly, ruthlessly, to snatch it from my bower.

"O spare it!" in terror I cried. "Destroy not the bud I have cherished;

Leave it unscathed to grace my home with its innocent beauty!"

"Nay," was the angel's reply, so sweet in its cadences mellow,

While the sad lips wore a smile mournfully gentle and tender.

"Seest thou not, sweetheart, how on the leaves above thee

Patently worms are waiting, ready to seize on the blossom?"

Look at the heart of this rose. See, 'tis decayed with the canker;

Yet but a week ago, it was as fair as thy treasure."

"But to a beautiful land—land of the summer eternal—

Oh do I carry the buds or the flowers that are perfect and lovely;

There no destroyer can come, naught that can injure them e'er;

There, under stormless skies, they dream by the living waters,

Glowing in fadeless bloom, in living sunlight of heaven.

Say, dost thou bid me still spare this bud to thy keeping?"

"Beautiful spirit, forgive me! Rashly I spoke, and mistaken

Was my esteem of thee. Take thou the bud. I yield it.

Willingly, gladly, to thee. Bear it to those blest bowers!"

Quickly she hastened away, tenderly bearing my blossom.

And in the garden alone, I and the Summer were standing.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

Those who have seen Carl Müller's wonderful painting of the "Holy Family," must have been struck with the exceeding beauty of the child's face. Among the many fine paintings gathered in the Academy of Design, in New York, last summer, this of all others seemed to me the most beautiful.

Again and again I found myself drawn to this picture, and should have felt fully repaid for my visit had I seen only that. There was an exquisite blending of the human and divine in the sweet, asking eyes of the child Jesus, with somewhat of mystery in their serene depths, and yet with all the simple innocence and trust of childhood in them, as they were lifted to the face of the mother bent over them in a kind of tender rapture. They seemed, with all their divineness, to be pleading for love, and guidance, and blessing.

And so I thought the eager, believing eyes of the child-world are ever upraised to those who have them in keeping—not, indeed, pure and sinless as those of the infant Christ, but still with something akin to Him, we must believe, in the soul that lies behind them. Would that all such looked into a face as holy and tender as that which bent over the babe of Bethlehem!

Last evening I heard the Hutchinsons sing. As usual, their programme in-

cluded songs bearing upon the great moral questions of the day. A temperance song was given, prefaced with an appropriate speech by the venerable leader of the quartette. They sang, with touching pathos,—

"O rum, what hast thou done?"

Rained mother and daughter, father and son."

Then in the closing verse, their plaintive tones caught a note of triumph, as they sang with spirit,—

"O rum, the time will come

When the nations shall shout,

Thy day is done!"

Strangely enough, as I listened to the lament and the psalm, this painting of Carl Müller rose before me—the child's eyes more pleading and tender than ever, and I felt with a new power of conviction that the glad day when forecasting we hear already in song and story, would be realized when our children are saved from the blighting influence of this demon of the cup. Their clear, innocent eyes look into ours, while as yet their young souls are free from the stain and shadow of this merciless destroyer. Upon the answer we give back, depends largely their safety or their ruin. Theodore Cuyler said truly, at the temperance convention held in Boston last spring, "Inasmuch as prevention is the first great work of the Gospel, our duty is to put up the light-house, to buoy the channel, to point out the sunken rocks, to set the example of abstinence; in other words, to save from wreck."

Looking toward this end, the committee on juvenile temperance work, appointed by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at their annual convention, held at Newark, last fall, are requesting superintendents of Sunday-schools to give the quarterly or review Sundays to the subject of temperance. Local committees are doing the same in their respective towns and villages. A resolution requesting the International Sunday-school lesson committee to prepare a temperance lesson once a quarter, is being presented at the various temperance gatherings throughout the country, and it is hoped that this united petition will induce the committee to prepare such a lesson.

The Sabbath-school superintendents of Chicago have adopted the plan of giving the quarterly Sundays to temperance. A concert exercise for June 24th was prepared by order of the W. C. T. U. of that city. The day was one of unusual interest to both teachers and scholars, and it is hoped great good will result from this new movement. It is greatly desired that this, or a similar plan be adopted by all superintendents of Sunday-schools.

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. S. J. WHEELER.

[Concluded.]

These changeable blossoms help us to behold, not merely the earthly enjoyments they would seem to typify, but that inner essence of being which reveals itself so forcibly from the deep-throated calyx and delicate petal.

Truly, God is in all our lives. It is no mere chance which protects us through the night season, and averts from us impending peril during the active hours of the day. We did not come precipitantly upon the world's stage. Our very presence signifies God's purpose.

Every word we speak, every thought we think, every act we perform, helps or hinders the infinite plan. We are co-operators with God to bless the world. He is the divine Husbandman, who ascribes to each phase of flowering humanity its position and powers of growth. He may plant us in the peaceful dale, where warm winds will kiss us into life. He may strike our roots deep into the unyielding soil of the mountain summit, where storm and torrent create apparent shipwreck. The waves of a resistless ocean of grief may sweep over us. God knows our powers, and wisely apportions to each his place. The fierce winds, the lashing, pitiless rain, mature the tiny sapling into the sturdy oak—that brave old sentinel of the forest, which lives its life of strength and beauty there, and then, transformed by man's industry, floats upon the watery world with its precious freight of humanity, or assists in the ornamentation of our homes.

Life is no play-time. It is a season for forceful service. There are few intermissions, but much hard work. God places in our seemingly impotent hands the faithful instruments with which we are to carve out our future. We may not all traverse the same highway; we may not all be called to climb dizzy heights, or ford rushing streams. To some it may be appointed to perform the apparently inferior offices. Our ambition may be wounded by this deprecation of our powers, or self-love may be piqued; but we must remember we are not our own. We have been bought with a price. Our capacities are exponents of infinite reserved force, which time, with its merciless companion, events, will diversify and vary.

Our lives are spotless pages; "like a fair floweret offered in the bud," pregnant with possible beauty and heavenly maturity, pure from the moulding hand of the Infinite, we are launched into existence with His seal upon our brows.

The page may be blurred and blotted. There may be omissions and interpolations, but underlying it all, like an invisible silver thread, is God's love and purpose. His compassionate feet will traverse the stormy mountain side for His straying child. He will leave the ninety and nine safe within the fold, and win the wanderer home. The flower of His beneficent love blossoms over all His world. Deep in the heart

of His affection, closely folded in the sheltering arms of benevolence, we need fear no real, abiding harm.

If God so deck the fields with such marvel and wonder, "how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith!" Is not the presence of God's abundant goodness attested by the bounteous supply of flowers? Why has He made them? "Why does He send these little joys, as gentle and unobtrusive as a mother's kiss upon a sleeping child?" There is manifestly no other reason than the divine desire to provide for man those delicate and pure pleasures which the existence of flowers can only supply.

You are not the result of caprice. You are no mere representative of extended power. You are made in God's image, imbued with His Holy Spirit, permeated with His heavenly purpose. God acknowledges and loves us all. Not a creature He has made but lives in His smile. The flowers scatter incense in His way. The birds tell songs in His service. The zephyrs play in bush and shrub. The "soft winds run along the summit of the trees in music."

The waves sport for His glory, man takes the lead. His heart-oblations, borrowed from the Infinite, reflect it again to humanity. Man is the divinely-appointed priest, commissioned to break the bread of hope to his languishing brethren.

There is so much to be acquired; so much that is beautiful to reach out for. We wander amid the bewildering paths of an earthly paradise. We tarry close by cool streams. We seek God's protection from the threatening storm. But this is not all. The capabilities He has given us must be used; the capacities must develop into abundant flowering before we shall have done our part. We do not choose our own places in life; indeed, we have nothing to do with them. Our simple duty is confined to filling them well.

Let us not waste the precious present in fruitless languor or vain repinings!

"Let us then be up and doing,"

With a heart for any fate;

Suit achieving, suit pursuing,

Learn to labor and to wait."

While earth's flowers deck our way, let them by their very perishableness point us to the perennial beauties of eternity, whither the resistless currents of time and sense are involuntarily bearing us. If in our offering we combine the blue violet of humility with the giant resistance of the oak; if we learn patience and submission; if we cherish the spreading palm of charity, which shelters under its broad leaves every state and condition of man; if, by our side, the sweet daisy, voiceful with love, flourishes; if tenderness waters the plant, and compassion nurtures the flower, what beautiful results shall flow from our poor lives—no longer poor, but clad in flowery raiment which the Sun of Righteousness shall re-awake into the rarest exotic of our heavenly home.*

* Read before the M. E. Church, Setauket, Mass., on "Children's Floral Day."

HOW PATTY STRUCK PAY-DIRT.

"Keerful, keerful, Buxley! This here's a skittish place. 'Member the wimmen and children, Buxley. Keerful, ke-e-e-fal, Buxley!"

"All right, Judge! I ain't been round this here corner for nigh onto two thousand times, with all kinds of hosses, from our bay team down to them mustangs we bought of you, 'bout knowin' the ropes. This is a skittish place! Hi! hi! Jack! Rover! Look out, will yer?"

This to the horses, who pricked up their ears, arched their heads, and swung around the dangerous curve with the *sans-froid* of horses who knew what they were about.

"Keerful!" commented Buxley. "Thom hosses'd go round the curve slick as lightning 'bout a driver! They know every step of the way better'n I do. I tuck a party over this here one night last winter, with this here team of hosses, when I couldn't see one inch of the road afore me. I'm free 't admit I knew a le-e-ole skittish myself, when I felt we was coming ter turn back thar. Dark as Egypt, the rain a-comin' down, an' the wind a-blowin' big guns, I tell you, Judge!" and Buxley ended with a whistle, which he broke off in the middle, to yell: "Hi! Rover! Jack! Get up! This was a party of big fellers from 'Frisco. You 'member that party, Judge?"

"The Judge" nodded assent. "I drove 'em back over this same road," continued Buxley, "about three days afterward; an' when we got down thar 't the Ford one on 'em says to me, says he: 'Buxley, come in an' hev a drink.' Says I: 'I'm a temperance man; but I don't mind a glass o' cider.' So, when Jack 'd stood out some 'Heres for us, says one of 'em, says he: 'Glasses yer health, Buxley. The best driver in California! Though, of I'd a-knowed what kind of a place you was a-taking us over, I'd never have trusted my neck with yer.' I laffed, an' went out and patted my hosses, and whippers in Rover's ear, says I: 'They trusted ter me; an' I trusted ter you, old boy! Three or four days after they sent me up this here whip by express. Got my name on the handle. See, Judge?"

"The Judge" looked, and remarked that it was a fine whip.

"Reyder hard on the hosses, warn't it, ter send 'em up a whip fer the good turn they'd done?" mused Buxley.

"They never get more'n a tickled with it, though. I ain't no hand to wear out whips; though I had a good bunch on 'em wore out on me when I was a boy!" he added with a laugh.

"The Judge" made no reply, but stood up in his seat, and shading his

eyes with his hand, gazed far up the road.

"'Wot is it?" asked Buxley.

"Jim!" said the Judge, sententiously, seating himself.

"Come ter meet his little gal an' her mother!" ejaculated the driver, leaning forward and bending down, so as to look into the forward window of the lumbering old stage.

"'What's she doing?" asked the Judge, a smile lurking around the corners of his mouth and peeping shyly out of his eyes, like a stray sunbeam in a cavern.

"Sittin' up in her mother's lap, lookin' like a pictur'. She's got them paint-cups I give her stuck in her hat," responded Buxley, with ardent interest.

"Poor lady! I'm afeared she's afeared," said the Judge. "If do wish she'd let me hold the little gal awhile."

"She don't want to trust her away from her sight, an' I don't blame her," said Buxley. "Yes, thar's Jim, sure 'nuff. He wants to see 'em pretty bad ter walk two miles this hot day."

"I'd walk"—began the Judge; but Buxley did not wait for him to finish.

"Hullo, Jim!" he called out, touching up Rover a little. "Whar yer goin'?"

The man's smiling face suddenly fell. "Goin'?" he repeated. "Hold on, Buxley. I hain't seen 'em for two years an' over. Hain't yer got 'em aboard?"

"Got who aboard?" inquired the driver.

"Stop! Hain't yer got no sense?" roared the Judge, seizing the reins and bringing up Rover and Jack with a jerk which threw them on their haunches. "Thar they are—inside thar, Jim," pointing respectfully with his thumb toward the interior of the stage.

Buxley rather resented this interference of the Judge in his joke; and, after a few angry remarks, he subsided into a sulkily silence, which lasted for nearly a mile. At the end of that time his good-nature returned; and, after taking a reconnaissance into the interior of the stage, he said to the Judge, in a half whisper:

"He's holdin' the little gal on his lap and kissin' her. An' his wife, she's got her head on his shoulder."

The Judge looked away over the hills and tied to whistle. A lamentable failure! Buxley fidgeted in his seat, and, as he touched up lazy Jack with his prize whip, he vowed to himself that he'd get a wife and settle down, too.

The Reverend House, Spider Flat, had emptied its whole population out on the steps of the broad piazza. They had heard in the distance the rattle of the old stage, the crack of Buxley's whip, and his final yell to Jack and Rover, and had rushed out pell-mell to see the passengers disembark. Even a couple of Mongolians, who kept a laundry in a dry-goods next to the Reverend, caught the general spirit of curiosity and appeared at the door of their establishment, iron in hand.

Buxley was master of the grand flourish, and, if he did put on an extra "air," he counted himself justified, considering the quality of the passengers. A lady was a rare sight in the rough mining camp, and never before had Spider Flat held a little girl.

The Judge leaped from his seat before the stage had fairly stopped, and, as he opened the door for Jim, he said, in wheedling tones:

"Let me assist the little girl, Jim."

